

E

386

J94



The Vision of Judgment
by Junius, junior.

New York, 1838.



Glass E 3816

Book . J 74

THE
VISION OF JUDGMENT;

OR,

A PRESENT FOR THE WHIGS OF '76 & '37.

IN TEN PARTS.

✓
BY JUNIUS, JR.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

NEW-YORK:
PUBLISHED BY H. R. ROBINSON, 53 COURTLANDT STREET.

1838.

Scatcherd and Adams, Printers

$$\begin{array}{r} 222 \\ \hline 549 \end{array}$$



THE OLD ROMAN.

Litho: of H. R. Robinson, 52 Courtl.^d St. N. Y.

THE
VISION OF JUDGMENT;

OR,

A PRESENT FOR THE WHIGS OF '76 & '37.

IN TEN PARTS.

✓
BY JUNIUS, JR.
"

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.



NEW-YORK:
PUBLISHED BY H. R. ROBINSON, 52 COURTLANDT STREET.

1838.

E 386
. J77

[Entered according to the Act of Congress of the United States of America, in the year 1838, by ROBINSON & HYATT, in the Clerk's Office of the Southern District of New-York.]

NEW-YORK:
Printed by SCATCHERD & ADAMS,
No. 38 Gold Street.

DEDICATION.

TO the "OLD ROMAN," who so successfully waged war against the "MONSTER," and through whose humble efforts to restore the *constitutional* currency the merciful desire that "all who trade on *borrowed capital* ought to break," has been so fully gratified in the destruction of *credit* and *commerce*:—TO the "GREAT MAGICIAN," who found more "*glory*" in serving his "*chief*," than in serving his *country*—and following in the "*footsteps*" of his "PREDECESSOR," than treading in the *footsteps* of INDEPENDENCE:—TO "THE GREAT TUMBLE BUG," who so successfully "*set his ball in motion*:"—TO "THE GREAT HUMBUG," who too successfully tickled the palates of a confiding people, with *gilded "mint drops*:"—TO "*The Great Expunger*," now in the *bankruptcy* of the *government*, "THE GREAT EX-SPUNGER:"—TO the rats of Government-hill—the wolves, tigers, and jackalls, as well as the ravenous birds of the hickory tree—and to the whole hickory fraternity, the "buck-tails," the "agrarians," the "loco-focos," and "levelers," and all others, wherever and whoever they are, these pages are respectfully inscribed, by the

AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTION.

THE noble poet hath said, that "'tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours." To *nations*, this remark is no less applicable than to individuals. From the fields of experience, wisdom, if carefully sought, may sometimes be gleaned; though it not unfrequently happens that wisdom, thus obtained, finds its possessor in the predicament of one who "paid too dear for his whistle." To assert that every *action* has a *motive*, is to assert what every body knows; to assert that every body *investigates* motives, would be to assert what every body knows to be untrue. In the shifting scenes on the stage of private life, few are at the pains to examine into its secret mechanism; and in the scenes of *political life*, how few of the multitude, who wonder at its gorgeousness and are delighted with its changes, are acquainted with the actors behind the scenes—the tinselry—the charmed wires—the trap doors, or the mock-thunder of political jugglers. In the following pages the writer has endeavored to exhibit the secret wires, which, during the last eight years, have worked Uncle Sam into a variety of strange positions—have kept him dancing to

many strange tunes, and at last have caused him to throw a somerset from glory's glittering height into "the slough of despond," yclept "*shin-plaster lake*."

As many may feel curious to know the manner in which the writer became acquainted with the many strange things here related, he takes this opportunity to remark that it was not in an ordinary way of dreaming, but entirely under a *magnetic influence*, that the scenes of the past were opened to his vision, and "coming events cast their shadows before."

JUNIUS, Jr.

New-York, January 1st, 1838.

THE VISION OF JUDGMENT.

" Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep."

" The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb."

" And wer't not madness, then,
To make the *fox* surveyor of the fold?
Who, being accused a crafty murderer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over
Because his purpose was not executed?
No! let him die in that *he is a fox*,
By nature proved an *enemy* to the flock,
Before his chaps are stained with crimson blood,
Nor stand on guillets how to slay him."

Shakspeare—Second part of Henry VI. Act III.

PART I.

IN my dream I was in the midst of an extensive plain, in the centre of which stood a hill, called GOVERNMENT HILL; to the left of it stood another and smaller one, called "CONGRESS HILL." On the summit of the former stood a tall and wide-spreading *hickory* tree, whose branches were filled with birds of every description—*vultures, cormorants, jackdaws, magpies*, etc. In its shade were reposing droves of *wolves, hyenas, jackalls, ounces*, and other *ravenous* beasts. In the sides of the hill were numerous crevices, infested by a multitude of rats. At the foot of the hill a noble MASTIFF was reclining, with his paw

resting upon a *large bag*, marked U. S. Although the marks of age were evidently upon him, yet the symmetry of his form, and the flashing of his eye, gave evidence that the fire of more youthful years was not entirely extinguished.

The hickory tree, as I before remarked, was very tall. It was likewise broad and *hollow* at the *base*—large enough to contain a small tea party. At this time there were but two personages within. One, whom from his appearance I judged to be the *spirit of the tree*, was a creature with the head of a man and the body of a lion;—at least so at a superficial glance it appeared—but on a closer inspection the *ass* might be detected under the *lion's skin*. At his side stood his MENTOR, in the form of a fox, with a little pair of *red whiskers*. Being curious to hear what conversation could be passing between two such funny looking creatures, I listened, and overheard the following amusing dialogue, which is here given “*verbatim ad literatim* :”—

Ass.—Truly, thou art a clever fox, and mighty cunning of thy kind.

Fox.—At thy bidding, honored chief, me thou’lt always ready find.

Ass.—And wilt thou always follow in my footsteps?

Fox.—

“ I’ll *follow*—or lead thee about, around,
Through bog, through brake, through bush, through brier—
Sometime a horse I’ll be—sometime a hound—
A hog, a beardless bear—sometime a fire—
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire at every turn.”

INSIDE OF THE HICKORY TREE.

Litho. of H. R. Robinson.



PART II.

THE next, and by far the most important event which attracted my attention, was observing that the rats, whose nests were in the holes and crevices of Government Hill, were trying to *nibble* from the bag which the old Mastiff was guarding ; but a low growl, and a certain warning movement of the paw, frightened them off. Consulting together for a while, they next endeavored to bribe him with some *fresh meat*. Failing in this, also, and finding themselves neither able to *steal* nor *bribe*, they resolved upon *revenge*.

To this end they called a general meeting of all the rats, vultures, cormorants, magpies, hyenas, wolves, bears, tigers, etc. These all assembled together at midnight, in a large cave immediately under the hickory tree, called "THE KITCHEN CABINET."

The meeting was called to order—Little Fox in the chair, and brother Amos secretary. Among the resolutions passed on that memorable occasion, were the following :

"1st. Resolved, That to the *victors* belong the spoils of the vanquished.

"2d. Resolved, That *we* are the victors.

"3d. Resolved, That the Mastiff holds the spoils, which by right belong to us as the victors.

"4th. Resolved, That we are the Representatives of the people.

"5th. Resolved, That the interests of the people

are the interests of their officers ; therefore the interests of the officers are the interests of the people.

“ 6th. Resolved, That *we* are the people.

“ 7th. Resolved, That the Mastiff is an animal dangerous to the interests of *the people* :—therefore,

“ 8th. Resolved, That the MASTIFF is a MONSTER !

“ 9th. Resolved, That all monsters should be destroyed : Ergo, the MASTIFF should be *destroyed ! !*”

All these resolutions were received with great cheering by the whole meeting, and passed without a dissenting voice ; when a creature in the form of a *tumble-bug*, whom I had not observed before, now mounted the back of a hyena, and spoke to the following effect :—

“ I wish to suggest, Mr. President, that *the people* must be made to see that the Mastiff *is* a monster, before we attempt to molest him ;—otherwise we shall only bring ruin upon our own heads, and the heads of our friends. This is a grave question, Mr. President, and one vitally important to the success of our enterprise. I therefore move, if it be your pleasure, that an *eye salve* be prepared for the people, which shall enable them all to see the hideousness of the monster as we do !”—(Hear, hear !)

“ I move that every individual in this hall this very night go forth to gather the proper materials for making such a compound,—I myself will volunteer to lead the way !”—(Great cheering, with cries of hear, hear !)

“ I therefore move, Mr. President, that we proceed



THE KITCHEN CABINET.

Edith. of H. R. Robinson.

at once to business, and the work is done!"—(Immense cheering, with cries of "we will, we will!")

Here they all jumped up, and fell to work in good earnest. Some brought wood for the fire—others manufactured a large *golden cauldron* as if by magic—while others again, headed by the "tumble-bug," went forth to gather roots, *minerals*, and herbs of various kinds, to make the "*salve*;" and as they went, they all broke forth in the following chaunt:—

" The raging rocks
With shivering shocks
Shall break the locks
Of prison gates;
And Phœbus' ear
Shall shine from far,
And make and mar
The foolish fates."

In a few moments they all returned, each bearing a bundle on his back, which was quickly thrown into the cauldron, when commenced the terrible incantation of Macbeth, by Little Fox, Brother Amos, and Tumble-Bug:—

" Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd."
" Double, double, *toil* and *trouble*,
Fire burn and cauldron bubble."

All together.—

" Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and grey;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may."

The SHADE OF WASHINGTON, accompanied by the SPIRIT OF LIBERTY, now stalked into the cave, which for a few moments threw the whole assembly into the greatest consternation; but their consummate

assurance did not permit them long to remain *awed*, even by the SHADE of the great "PATER PATRIA," and the GUARDIAN SPIRIT OF COLUMBIA, who now, in hollow and reproachful tones, exclaimed :—

"How now, ye black and midnight wretches?—what is't ye do?"

All.—A deed without a name!

"What prompts you to this fiend-like, patricidal work?"

All.—

'Revenge! Nor shall our purpose slacken,
E'en though the fiercest winds of Heaven
Are all let loose against the land;—
Though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;—
Though CREDIT perish, and though COMMERCE dies—
Though bladed corn be lodged, and trees blown down,
Though the treasure of our country's germinis tumble all together,
E'en till destruction sicken!"

Exeunt the Shade of Washington and the Spirit of Liberty, exclaiming :—

"Spirits of evil,
Ye hasten your doom;—
When to your revel
Again we shall come—
That revel shall be in the *cavern of shame*,
And the curse of a nation shall rest on your name!"

Tumble-Bug now arose, and offered the following resolutions :—

"Resolved, That the eye-salve now made be called the "Golden Magical Magnifying Mixture, or Bentonian Eye-Salve." Carried.

"Resolved, That the first experiment be made on the eyes of the LION." Carried.

PART III.

Scene—Inside of the hickory tree—Lion asleep—Fox applying the “Golden Magical Magnifying Mixture” to the eyes of the lion, soliloquizing thus:—

“On the ground
Sleep sound;
I’ll apply
To your eye,
Gentle ass, a remedy.”

“When thou wakest
Thou takest
No delight
In the sight
Of thy former Mastiff’s eye;—
And the country proverb known
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown.”

Presently the lion awoke, and came forth upon the hill to “shake himself as at other times.” No sooner did he espy the mastiff, than, lashing the earth with his tail in great fury, he set up a terrible roar.

“Well roared, lion!” said the fox, who was standing by; “try it again, my lord.”

So the lion set up another roar, louder than the first, and lashed the ground again so furiously with his tail, that I actually began to fear he would pretty soon have no tail left.

So far, the “Golden Magical Magnifying Mixture” worked to a charm. The fox now advised that runners should be sent out among “the people,” each one furnished with a good supply of the mixture; that they should carefully note who among them were

able to *see*, and that all those who were not thus able, *should be made to see*.

Now, it was curious to behold the surprise of the people when the news first came to them concerning the monster. Some said *they believed* they could see *a little something* singular in his appearance now they were told of it, though they did not believe they should ever have observed it had it not have been pointed out to them. Others said they did not perceive any thing unusual in the mastiff, unless it might perchance be some slight signs of age.

"Oh, something must be the matter with your *eyes* !" said the cunning distributors of the "eye-salve."

"Something must be the matter with your *eyes* !" said the hyena, the jackall, the jackdaw and the magpie in a breath ; "allow us to rub a little of the 'eye-salve' on your optics, and then shall you be able to see clearly." Here they applied the "golden mixture," when one cried out—

"Oh *now* I can see his *horns* !"

"And I can see his *tail* !" cried another.

"And I can see his *claws* !" screamed a third.

"I see *ten heads* !" yelled a fourth.

"I see *thirty* !" echoed a fifth.

"And I count *a hundred* !!!" added a sixth ; while others were ready to be sworn that they could count five hundred, each having one eye, and that in the centre of the forehead. Some said the eyes looked to them like so many full moons. To others they



appeared as large as the side of a house, while the horns were as high as a common church steeple.

Nothing now was talked of but "the Monster," "the Monster;" and from one end of the plain to the other—from morn till midnight and from midnight until morn, the startling cry of "Monster! Monster!" was heard. From the height of Government-hill, the shrill cry of vultures, cormorants, and jackdaws echoed it forth; and when the last echo of their notes was dying in the distance, the hyenas, wolves and jackalls of the tree prolonged the song, and gave it forth to the midnight winds in a most unearthly growl. Consternation universal now prevailed. In different parts of the plain, groups of agitated countenances might be seen collected together, pointing by the moon's pale light to the "Monster," and predicting ruin, havoc, and distress. And many was the good Catholic I saw on his knees, praying for the return of the "seven brave champions of Christendom."

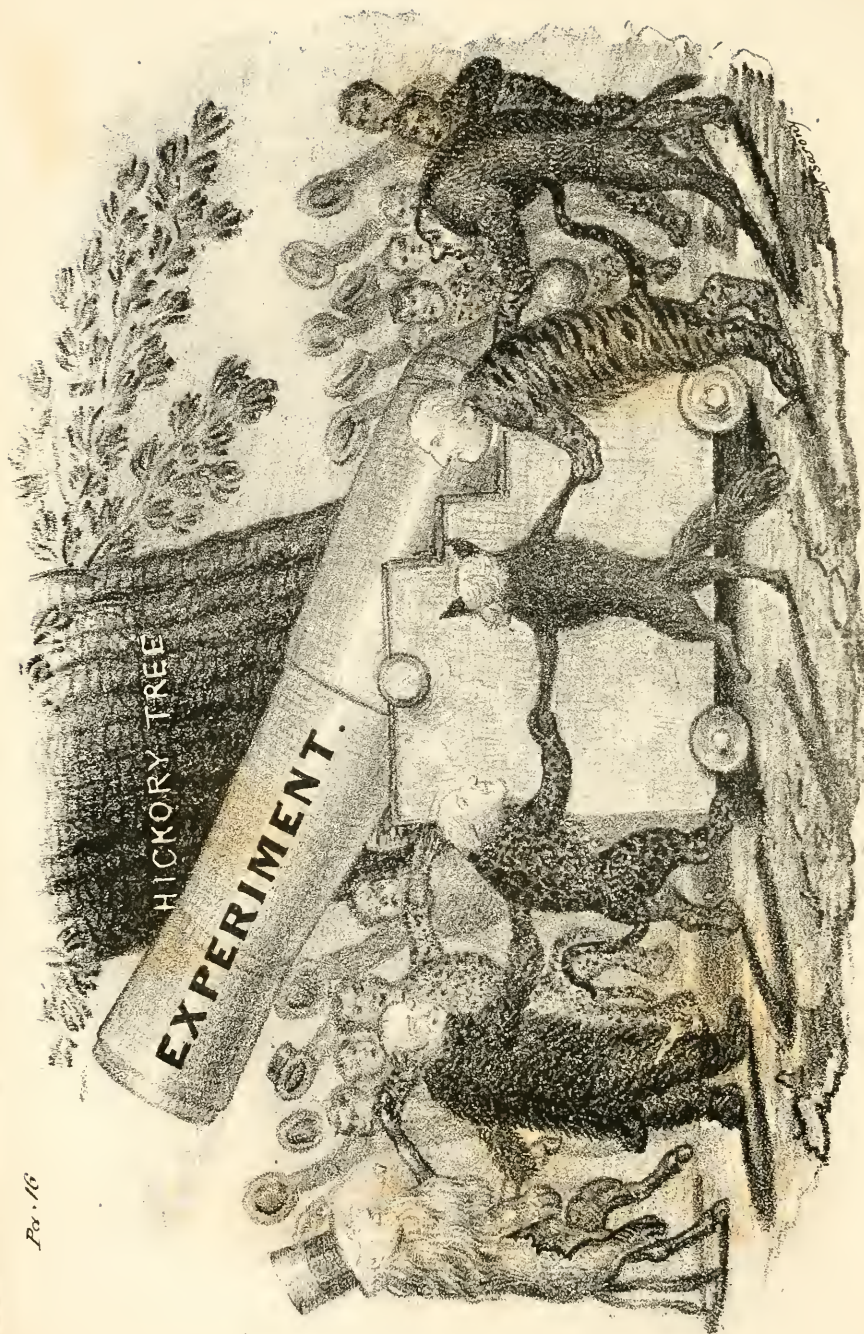
Finding that things were going on so well, the Government brood held another meeting in the cave, when, after hearing the reports of the runners who had been out among the people applying the "Golden Magical Magnifying Mixture," on motion of Little Fox, it was resolved that they should construct an immense cannon of *solid gold*, to be mounted on a carriage with "patent frictionless wheels," ranged alongside of the hickory tree, and to be called "the Great Gun Experiment." "By this measure," observed the fox, "we shall accomplish several very important objects;—for, in the first place, we shall

slay the monster, and obtain possession of the bag: second, we shall obtain the *vengeance* we desire: third, we shall allay the fears of the people, and make ourselves HEROES in their eyes; and fourth, by this we shall obtain over them the sway we seek, and rule and revel to our heart's content!"

The advice of the fox being thought good by the assembly, preparations were immediately made, and the gun cast. The next day, in the presence of the whole nation, was the "Experiment" brought forth and mounted. Great were the rejoicings among the people, and still greater was the joy of the Government brood, who with ravenous appetites were waiting for the *spoils*.

PART IV.

While these preparations were making for the destruction of the noble old mastiff, whose only crime was that of having served his country faithfully, he had sought relief in another quarter. To the left of Government-hill, as I have before mentioned, stood a mound or elevation of earth, called "Congress-hill," where at this time I saw assembled a great many persons curiously dressed, and all carrying fire-arms. Birds of various kinds were continually flying back and forth from the people to the assembly, and from the assembly to the people,—from the hickory tree to the assembly, and from the assembly to the hickory tree. Among them were petition birds of various kinds, abolition birds, colonization birds, loco-



THE EXPERIMENT.

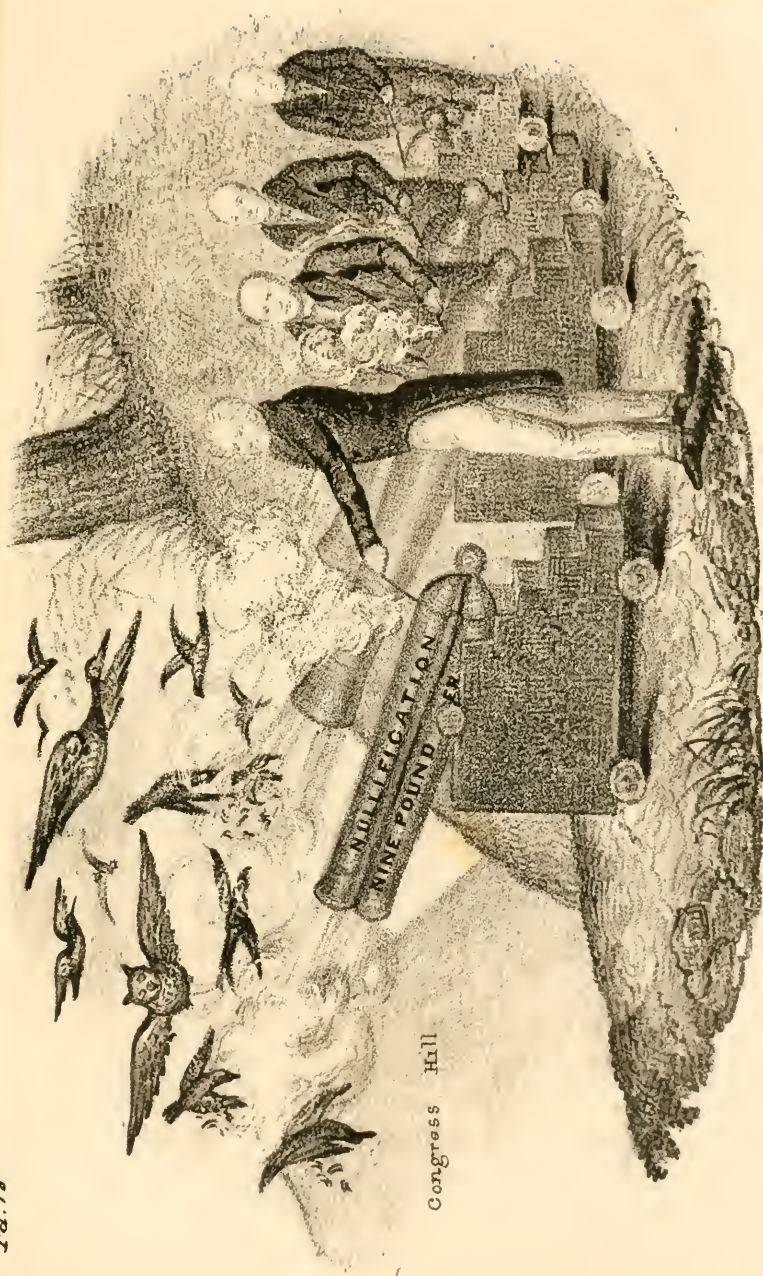
Litho of H. R. Johnson

foco birds, monopoly bank birds, custom-house birds, tariff birds, anti-tariff birds, birds of ways and means, treasury birds, Veto birds, war department birds, navy department birds, birds of foreign relations, etc. Whenever any of these birds came, they immediately alighted upon a low bush which was growing in the centre of the hill, and then commenced the firing. Those who wished to destroy the birds, fired at them. Those who would preserve their lives, immediately commenced throwing up a breastwork for their protection, and firing at those who would kill them. Some of the assembly had "the patent non-recoil guns," which could be discharged fifty times in a second. Some had *hickory bows* and *golden-headed arrows*—others had *slings* and "*mint drops*." Some carried *pop-guns* and *sliced potatoes*, while a few had *constitutional cannons*, and the real "simon pure" to load them with. Their balls were cast from a metal called "stubborn facts;"—their powder was a composition of truth, eloquence and reason;—their wadding was manufactured by the hands of LIBERTY, and the percussion caps by her sister JUSTICE. These cannon were all of different calibre; the largest was owned by a dignified and rather portly personage, of a dark complexion, who came from the north-eastern part of the plain. The next in size was owned by a very tall and spare gentleman from the southern section; his cannon was not quite so large in the diameter, but greater in the length of its bore. The third was owned by a gentleman from the same section

of the plain as the first. This cannon was called "the revolutionary blunderbuss," and was given him by his father, who had taught him, when almost an infant, how to load it. The fourth was a southern cannon, with two bores to it;—one was called the "constitutional bore," and the other the "anti-constitutional bore." The owner was an eccentric individual, who would one day fire off from the constitutional side, and the next the anti-constitutional; nay, he was so eccentric, that sometimes he would fire them both off together. He was known among the assembly as "the versatile genius," and his gun was called "the nullification nine-pounder."

Such was the assembly to which the old mastiff now determined to appeal. Accordingly, a "petition bird" was sent, bearing a memorial in its bill, praying "that a quart of *aqua-vitæ*, or constitutional elixir of life, should be sent to the mastiff to lengthen out his existence for a few more years."

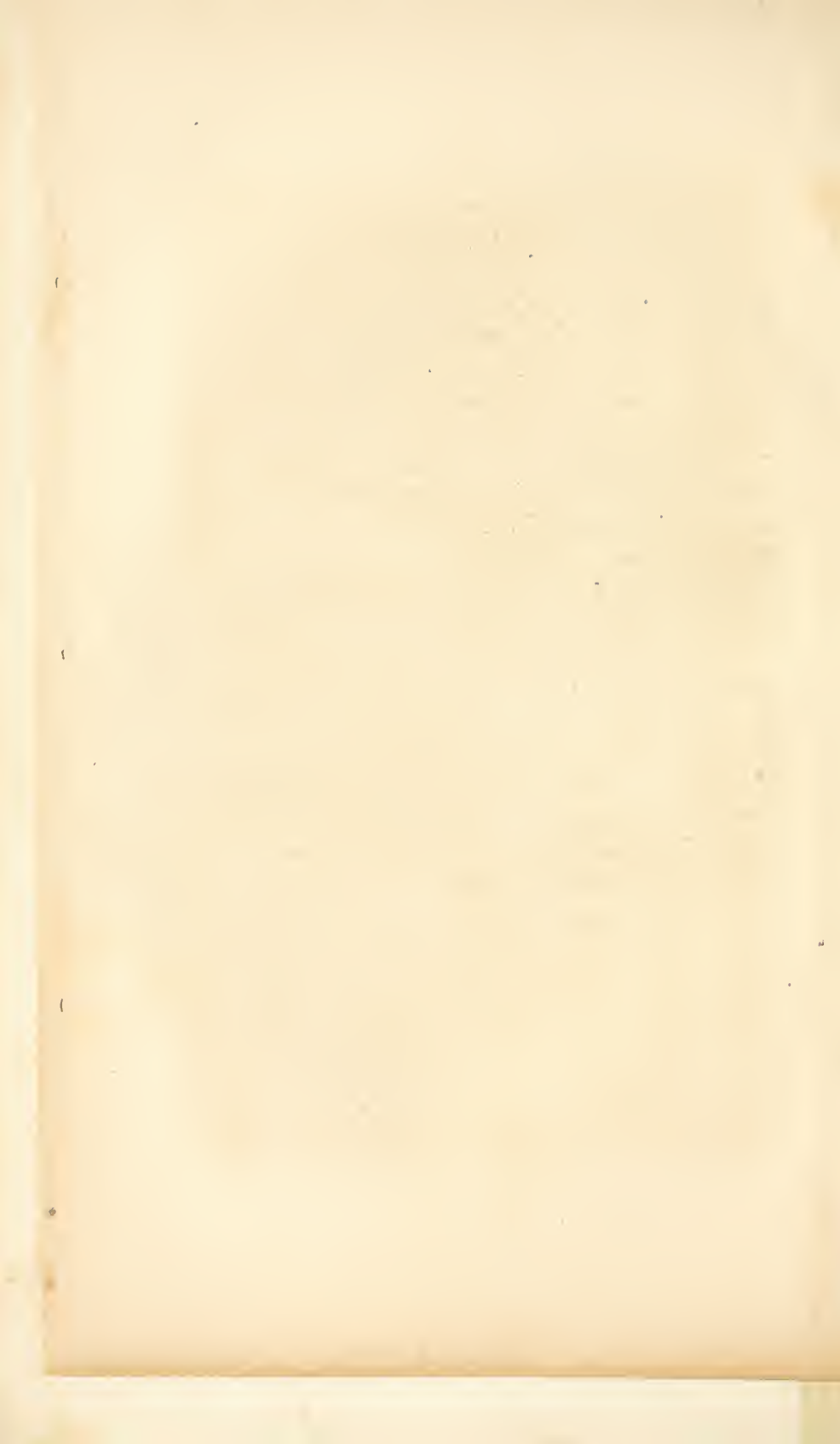
No sooner had this bird alighted on the bush, than a general firing commenced by all the hickory bow, sling, and mint-drop, and pop-gun tribe. The cry of "MONSTER! MONSTER!" was heard in shrill notes from the vultures and cormorants of the hickory tree. The Lion set up another hideous roar, while the Fox ran round among the pop-guns, hickory bows, etc. to advise, strengthen, and encourage them. Immediately after the departure of the fox, this formidable objection was urged against the mastiff, viz: "That his bowels were out of order, his limbs out of joint, and his under-jaw broken; and as the constitutional



Congress Hill

THE ASSEMBLY.

Litho: of W.R. Robinson.



elixir was not intended to set bones nor heal bruises, therefore they were opposed to continuing the life of an animal so infirm as to be incompetent to fulfil his duties." This falsehood of the mastiff's enemies was soon exposed by the owners of the constitutional cannons, for at their suggestion a committee of doctors was appointed to examine the Monster and report thereon to the assembly. Accordingly, after a careful inspection of his limbs, bowels, etc., they returned with a report, of which the following is an exact copy :—

"We, the undersigned, physicians to the commonwealth of the United States of America, having been appointed by your honorable body to examine into the physical condition of a certain mastiff, or watchdog of the republic, and report thereon, do report :

"That we have examined said dog in the most careful manner, from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail, and find him sound in both wind and limb. Not a tooth in his head that is broken, nor a bone out of joint. His bowels are in an exceedingly regular and healthy state; he needed neither emetics nor cathartics. We ascertained that he had never been under a physician's care; and so little ailment has there ever been about him, that he has never taken either pills, "lobelia," or "composition tea," in his life. His heart and pulse beat regular and strong; his tongue was perfectly clean, and, in short, his whole appearance indicated a sound organization and a system free from disease. We therefore, in the conscientious discharge of the duty imposed upon us, do

declare said mastiff to be every way worthy of the confidence of your honorable body, and the whole republic. All which is respectfully submitted.

JAMES GOODINTENT, M. D.

JONATHAN SHARPEYE, M. D.

GEORGE S. CRITIC, M. D.

W. T. BONESETTER, M. D.

WM. L. LOOKINTOTHEBOWELS, M. D."

After the reading of this report, which was received with great acclamation by all the friends of the mastiff and the republic; on motion, it was resolved, That ten thousand copies be printed. Next, a resolution was offered by the owner of the long gun, that a quart of *aqua vitæ* be at once sent to the mastiff, which was carried, and the life-giving element immediately measured out. The vessel, with its contents, was now sent to the Lion to be flavored with a few drops of *executive essence*, of which he unfortunately was the sole possessor. No sooner was the vessel brought into the presence of the old fellow, and the name of the mastiff mentioned, than he fell into the greatest rage imaginable, cursing in the most awful manner, and swearing, by a terrible oath, that the Monster should never have his life prolonged by *his* instrumentality. Not only so, but he began to kick and roar so that the very mountain shook again. His fury at length arose to such a pitch, that he dashed the vessel from the hands of the messenger—spilled its contents—broke it in a thousand pieces, and ordered the bearer of it to depart at once out of his sight.

PART V.

The scene now was suddenly shifted, as scenes in dreams are wont to be. I saw the Lion marching slowly down the hill, attended by his little friend, the Fox, who at this time was leading, or rather preceding him. With a very insinuating air he bowed to all whom he met; and now and then put to his mouth a little tin trumpet, which he carried in his hand, and after one or two blasts he called in a loud voice—

“The Lion is coming, oho! oho!
The Lion is coming, oho!”

Then in a graceful manner he bowed obsequiously to the multitude, in a loud voice exclaiming—

“Be kind and courteous to this gentleman,—
Hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes;
Nod to him all, and do him courtesies.”

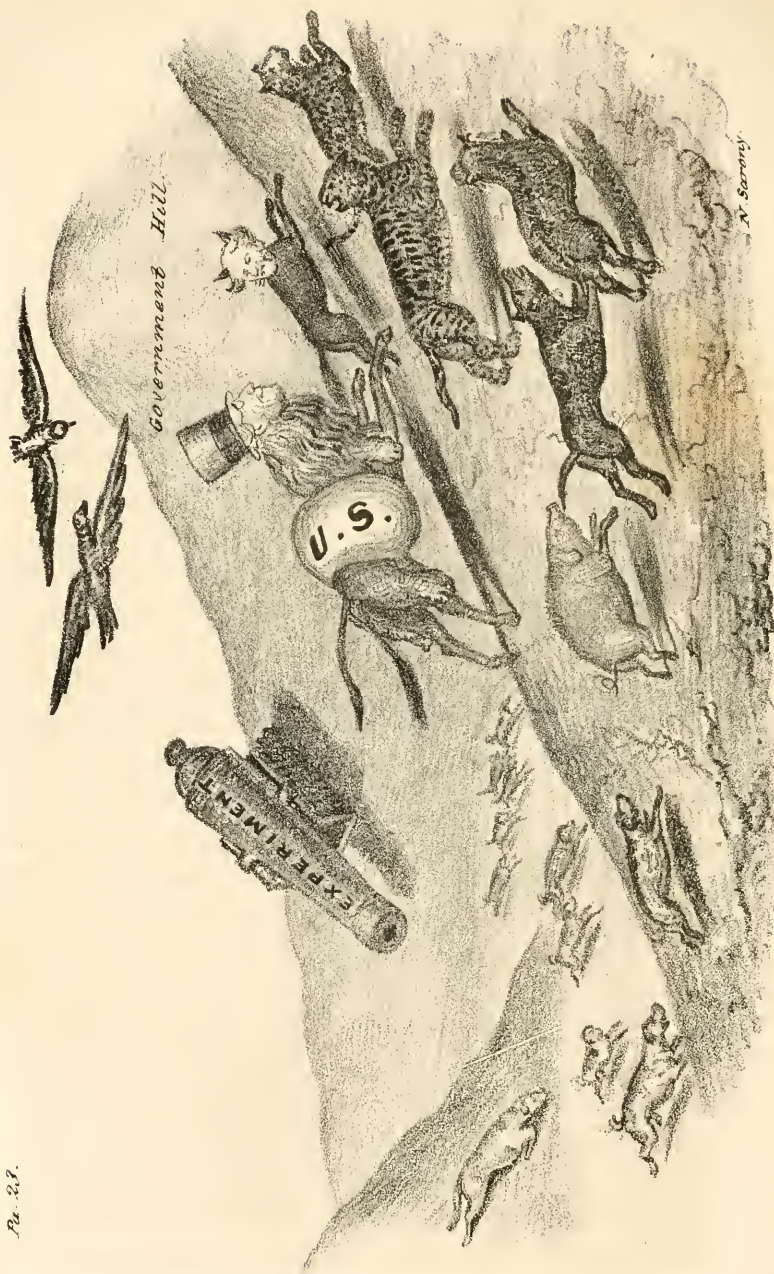
After proceeding in this manner all over the plain, forming many personal acquaintances and gaining many friends, they returned again to the tree. This journey came very near costing the poor old ass his life; for on the way his lion's skin blew off, so that he caught a violent cold, which laid him up for some days after his return. A few doses, however, of “No. 6,” a quart or two of “composition tea,” and half a pound of “lobelia,” restored his health. But in the meantime, to keep up the interest excited among the people by his visit among them, Reynard, with his accustomed subtlety, takes the old fellow's

white hat, and throwing a silver arch over it, with the magical word "Glory" lettered on it in gold, places it on the very top of the tree, so that all, even at the greatest distance, may see it. The effect was as he had anticipated; for no sooner did the beams of the sun fall upon the magical word "Glory," than the eyes of all the people became so dazzled that each one fell to capering "like mad." "Glory! Glory! Glory! Glory!" was the watchword. Nothing could the people talk or think about but *gold* and *glory*; and all over the plain, wherever hickory trees were growing, now they were dressed up with flags, white hats, and mottos of glory.

PART VI.

The time seemed now to have fairly arrived for making the most successful attack upon the MONSTER. The assembly had dispersed—the people were all in ecstasies at the glory of their Assanine Chief,—while the vultures of Government-hill, as well as the jackalls, hyenas, and all the rest of the hickory tree brood, were ready to seize upon the prey. Great preparations were accordingly made; an extra quantity of "fulminating powder" was manufactured in the "kitchen cabinet;" balls and blank cartridges were prepared in abundance;—and finally, the "Great Gun Experiment," mounted on a carriage with patent frictionless wheels, was dragged to the brow of the hill by sixteen rats, twelve vultures, three hyenas, two bears, three





wolves, and nine jack-asses. Matty, the fox, gave the gun its proper inclination, while the *psuedo lion* Chief gave the signal for applying the match, by braying three times at the top of his voice, and shaking his tail, to signify the word—*fire!* The cannonading continued three days and nights without interruption—during all which time the friends of the mastiff, by argument and other constitutional means, endeavored to save him, but in vain. The mastiff was wounded, and at length destroyed. The *bag* was seized by the hickory fraternity, placed on the back of the ass, and borne in triumph up the hill amid the shoutings of the multitude. Here it was taken off by the attendants, and opened. Instead of keeping it tied up *in one large bag*, I perceived that they were dividing it into *many smaller ones*, at which my astonishment for awhile was very great, until, turning my eyes in another direction, I discovered a whole troop of *little bushy tail curs*, tearing full split from every quarter of the plain, and making straight for the hill. Every one seemed straining himself to the utmost, and each striving to outstrip his neighbor. Presently they all reached the hill, when a selection from among them was made by the Lion, with the advice of his counsellor Matty. Those of the bushy tails who obtained possession of one or more bags, “streaked off” down the hill very much delighted; while, on the contrary, those who were not so fortunate, sneaked home in a very disconsolate manner, with their tails between their legs, and their ears hanging. Assembly-hill was now all

in an uproar. The constitutional cannon party went on at a terrible rate—calling the poor old misguided ass every thing but a gentleman—declaring that his conduct was “unconstitutional, tyrannical, uncalled for, and unjust in the highest degree; that it was derogatory to the national character, the executive of the nation, and every principle of moral equity.” Not satisfied with thus expressing their feelings, they went further, and insisted on having this sentence of condemnation entered in the national record, so that posterity might know that *their* hands were clean from the blood of the murdered mastiff. Accordingly the sentence passed by an immense majority, and was in due form entered in the record of the nation, where it would have been until this day, but for a circumstance which will hereafter appear.

The next resolution which passed the assembly was, that a monument should be erected to the memory of the mastiff, immediately over the spot where he fell. Active steps were immediately taken, and the monument prepared. It was an oblong block of marble, ten feet long, four feet wide, and six feet high. On either side of it was this inscription:—

“ Done to death by slanderous tongues,
Was the hero that here lies;
Death, in guerdon of his wrongs,
Gives him fame that never dies.”

On each end was a cannon in *basso relievo*, and the word EXPERIMENT, in raised letters, immediately under it. On the top of it, reclining as in life, with his

paw resting upon the bag marked U. S. was a most exquisitely finished statue of the mastiff. The old lion on the hill seemed almost as much annoyed by the lifeless marble as the living monster; and sometimes I thought he seemed actually frightened, as though the monster had come to life again and risen from his tomb.

PART VII.

We must now return again to the Tumble-Bug, whom we left at the meeting in the "KITCHEN CABINET." Looking toward Congress-hill, I was astonished to see him now tugging with all his might and main at a *great ball* which he was striving to push up the side of the hill. For a long time his efforts were unavailing. Like many another poor tumble-bug, he sometimes got his ball a little way up the hill, when a stone or some other obstacle would turn it aside, and thus roll tumble-bug and ball further down than before. Nevertheless he did not appear discouraged, but with all that pertinacity for which the *species* are distinguished, renewed his efforts as often as defeated. Other tumble-bugs at length came to his assistance, when, "by a long push, a strong push, and a push all together," the ball was rolled to the top of the hill. The national record was then seized by these tumble-bugs and laid down before the ball, when another push was made so as to roll it directly over that part of the record where the sentence of condemnation was written. Of

course, the *nature* of the ball left a *dark* impression upon the page, and thus was this part of the record "EXPUNGED!" The old ass was so delighted with this piece of friendly service, that he at once dubbed them all "Knights of the black garter, and the *sun-burnt ball*," and made them each a present of an elegant "yellow jacket," and a string of "mint drops." By way of distinction, Tumble-Bug was now called "THE GREAT EXPUNGER." Dressing himself up in his "yellow jacket," with the string of "mint drops" round his neck, he presently mounted his ball, and with a terrible flourish thus addressed the assembly:—

"Solitary and alone, amid the jeers and taunts of my enemies, *I* set this ball in motion!"

PART VIII.

Looking again towards Government-hill, I perceived the little Fox, now eyeing very wistfully the *white hat* which was on the top of the tree. As far as I could judge, he was trying his skill in climbing, for every few moments he shot up the tree, and then down again, like a flash, singing all the while that sublime and ancient song—

"*Hickory*, dickory dock,
The mouse ran up the clock;—
The clock struck one, the mouse ran down—
Hickory, dickory dock!"

While engaged in this delightful employment, a loud and hurried cry of "Matty! Matty!" was heard





FAREWELL ADDRESS.

Litho. of H.R. Robinson

proceeding from the Ass within. In a twinkling Matty was in attendance, when he found the poor old creature in great agony. His travail, however, was short; for with the assistance of such a midwife as Matty no labour could be tedious. Accordingly, he was soon safely delivered of his "FAREWELL ADDRESS," a *promising young ass*, very much resembling his sire, except a streak or two of the *fox*, which, on a close inspection, might be seen about the *head* and *tail*. Having nothing else handy, the *accoucheur* took down an old cloak, which the people had been taught to believe was the "Mantle of Washington," which, in a miraculous manner, one "sun-shiny" day descended upon the old ass just after he took possession of Government-hill. This wonderful cloak, I say, Matty now used as swaddling clothes for the infant ass; and thus wrapped up, he was sent forth among the multitude as the last proof of affection which the old ass had to give them previous to consigning the cudgel to his "*successor*." The next and the last act of the ass was to disrobe himself of his lion's skin, and place it on Matty, charging him, at the same time, "to follow steadily and faithfully in the footsteps of his Predecessor—to wear the *white hat* with honor to himself, and him who had worn it so long before;—and finally, should the Monster ever come to life again, he should persecute him, 'his seed, and his seed's seed for ever!'

To all these injunctions Matty paid strict attention, promising to turn neither to the right hand, nor to the left, but in every thing to walk according

to the advice and commandments of his Chief. These preliminaries being settled, Matty made a bold push for the top of the tree, and seizing the *white hat*, clapped it on in a moment, exclaiming in an exulting tone, "I'll be a King or die!" The hat unfortunately proved to be *too large*, which at once threw the little fellow into a serious difficulty. To think of reducing the *size* of the *hat*, was a thing entirely out of the question; and to *enlarge* his *head* seemed equally impossible. In this quandary, Matty called together his friends to devise the best method of removing the difficulty. Some advised one thing, and some another. One recommended that his head should be put in a machine similar to that invented in England by a Mr. Easy; while another suggested, that if a *vacuum* was created by means of an air-pump, and the head placed in that, its size would be increased. At this critical moment a celebrated phrenologist, (Gull by name,) luckily came along, who was at once hailed, and his advice sought on this trying occasion. After carefully examining the head of the Fox, and measuring it with a "craniometer," the phrenologist gave it as his deliberate opinion that the difference between the size of the hat and the size of the Fox's head, was just the difference between the head of a fox and the head of an ass; and that, as *brains* in the predecessor had not caused the size of the hat, therefore the head of the Fox could be increased *without the addition of brains*.

A ray of hope now lighted up the countenances of



PHRENOLOGICAL EXAMINATION.
Litho. of H. R. Robinson.

all as they eagerly called out "*how? how?*" The little Fox himself ran up, and seized the phrenologist by the hand, promising to be "a firm believer and supporter of the science if he would devise a way to increase the size of his head."

"Well, then," said the phrenologist, "my advice is this:—You are aware that we all partake more or less of the nature of whatever we eat; for the food that we take into our system becomes assimilated to it, and so incorporated as to form the flesh of which we are composed;—therefore, if you feed entirely upon *bear*, you insensibly imbibe the *nature* of the *bear*: if you eat *hog*, you become swinish: and so on. Accordingly, I advise that you at once procure a *jack-ass*, slay and eat him; and my word for it, that by the time you have finished him, you will not only imbibe the nature of the beast, but be in truth a *jack-ass* yourself. And this will enable you literally to fulfil the parting admonition of your friend to follow faithfully in the footsteps of your predecessor; for now your *legs* are *too short* to follow in his steps—your *head* too small to fit the *hat*—and your *voice* entirely *too fox-like* to imitate the *lion's roar*!"

As he concluded this speech, a universal shout of execration burst forth from jackall and vulture; and cries of "hustle him down! hustle him down!" were so fiercely uttered, that the phrenologist concluded it wise in this emergency to exercise his *cautiousness* rather than his *combativeness*.

The Fox now depending entirely upon himself, soon devised ways and means to remedy the evil, "so

to rights," he called in at once the aid of half a dozen *wig makers*, and in less time than it would take to say "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers," he had the wigs all fitted to his head, and the hat as comfortably fitted to the wigs. And now were the people delighted; the old women declared that Matty was a *witch* for sartin; the old men shook their heads gravely, and muttered the ominous word "wizard;" while the whole hickory fraternity pronounced him clearly a *Magician*.

PART IX.

The magician had enjoyed his honors but a few days, when a terrible *catastrophe* took place, which for a while left many in doubt as to the stability of Government-hill. It happened, one cold morning, a little before sunrise, that an "awful explosion," like an earthquake, was felt all over the plain, even to the farthest extremity. The whole nation were in the greatest consternation. Some thinking, from the rocking of the walls, that their houses were falling down on their heads, began to weep and lament in the most distressing and alarming manner. Others tore their hair in the agony and frenzy of the moment, running about and screaming in the most heart-rending tones; while others again gave themselves in sullenness to despair, and cursed the day of their birth. In short, it would be impossible to describe half the distress and wretchedness produced on that dreadful and never-to-be-forgotten day.



THE EXPLOSION.

Ludlow of H. A. Robinson.

Government-hill could not be seen on account of a dense cloud which rested upon it. A strong smell of sulphur filled the atmosphere; but what had gone with the inhabitants of the hill, no one for a long time could imagine. When at length the mist dispersed, to the great joy of the people Government-hill was yet standing, although sadly rent and injured. The "Great Gun Experiment" had blown itself to atoms, and its friends to a place which it is against my principles to mention. Fragments of the hickory tree lay scattered as if struck by lightning; the birds and the beasts were blown in different directions both far and near. The little Fox, with his hat of glory, golden rays, and all the trappings of Royalty gone, lay at a distance, "with none so poor as to do him reverence." Tumble-Bug, alias "the Great Hunbug," alias "the Expunger," was seen clinging to his ball as it rolled over and over, projected, with the velocity of lightning, towards the WEST. The poor old ass, with the loss of his *tail*, was picked up near a place called the *Hermitage*, with scarcely a sound bone in his body. When I discovered him, they were bearing him along on a litter, singing these mournful words:—

"Alas, alas! Poor Ass, poor Ass!

Oh dear, how sad thy hapless fate!

Too bad, too bad—reform we fear is now too late!

Thy fortune gone—thy scheme all blown,

Thy glory fled, thy friends all dead,

Alas, alas! Poor Ass, poor Ass!"

The GOLDEN BALL was projected three hundred yards from the hill and rent in twain; when, to the astonishment of all the people, it was found to have been *hollow* within and only *gilt* without!! From it, as from the fabled box of Pandora, issued every evil thing which could be imagined. Poverty, Distress, and Famine came forth, followed by a ghostly train, bearing in their arms whole bundles of paper; some marked "*Treasury Notes*," others "*Sub-Treasury*," others

again were little pieces of *ragged* and *dirty* paper called "*Shin Plasters*," which were no sooner let loose from the hands of those who carried them, than, as if instinct with life, they immediately attached themselves to the *shins* of everybody, and caused such an *itching* and *scratching* that it seemed as if the poor folks thus *tormented* would go crazy.

Many were the remedies proposed ; many were the doctors, and many the opinions of the doctors ; not as to the disease, for one and all agreed that it was an *obstruction*, which must be removed in some way or other. One recommended "life pills" and "Phoenix bitters ;" another cried up "Brandeth's universals." The "mineral doctors" recommended *mercury* and *amputation* ; while the Thomsonians declared with loud voices, that nothing was half so good as "composition tea," made from No. 1 up to No. 6 ; a "steam bath in a box where the patient *could not get out*, and plenty of "lobelia !"

PART X.

At this moment I was "willed" back again to my former state. My eyes opened, and I discovered that I *had seen a vision*. This was my *first*, but not my last *magnetic discovery*. By the agency of the same mysterious power, I have been enabled to see many things otherwise obscure ; even the events of the future have been exposed to my gaze—and many are the secret political meetings in which I have been an unobserved observer. Nothing escapes my ken. Not only do I keep a watch upon the actions of all political jugglers, but I also "in spirit" travel daily from place to place to search out the misery of men, and to discover the *cause* of that misery. And further, I have made discoveries in relation to our earth which mankind as yet have never dreamed of ; the North Pole and the South Pole have been carefully scrutinized, and—but this is not the place to tell what I have done. It remains with the public to say whether my wonderful magnetic discoveries shall ever be published, or whether, with the *second number* of the Vision of Judgment, they all shall have the "fame of oblivion."

Respectfully, &c.

JUNIUS, JR.

New-York, January 1st, 1838.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 011 896 362 3

